

Vol. 23 = Sept 7, 1867
to Aug 29, 1868

Vol. 23

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

GEO. W. MATSELL & CO.,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

NEW YORK: FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 19, 1867.

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1155.—PRICE TEN CENTS.



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A COTERIE OF PAUL PRY CAPITALISTS.

A sensational escapade of a somewhat marked character has lately transpired in the rather quiet town of New Milford, Conn. There is also a bank in that town known as the First National Bank of New Milford, of which Mr. John J. Conklin was Cashier. The same accomplished Conklin, was also treasurer of the town, and was at the same time a member of an orthodox evangelical church, known as the Presbyterian Church, in which he officiated as deacon. He was emphatically a light in the church, was fond of prayer, and combined those elements of pecuniary competence and decorous piety, that assured him a status of recognized character with the village aristocracy, of both the church and the local monied magnates. This bank cashier, J. J. Conklin, is a married man, about thirty-eight years of age, is blessed with a moderate endowment of young children, and was worth in his own right, at the time of his late escapade, some seven or eight thousand dollars. But this did not satisfy the enterprising cashier. He must embark on a sea of speculation, and that, too, with funds not his own, but the property of the bank. The result was that he finally involved his "excellent reputation" in "confusion worse confounded," and enveloped the highly orthodox odor of his name with a decidedly repulsive flavor. But from all the facts and circumstances that have come to us



Mrs. Verdier, the Attractive Widow



An Indignant Wife Giving Vent to her Wrath against the Destroyer of her Peace, at the Julien House, Dubuque, Iowa.

A SUNDAY IN NEW JERSEY.

An Old "Fly-Cop" Taking Observations.

WHAT HE SAW AND HEARD—GRAND GATHERING OF THIEVES AND THEIR MOLLS.

DAMNED EFFECT OF THE EXCISE LAW—WEEHAWKEN AND HOBOKEN TURNED INTO A PANDEMONIUM.

Since the enforcement of the Excise Law, which prohibits the sale of "stingo" in this city on Sunday, those who have been in the habit of taking their three "tots" a day have either to lay in a stock of the ardent on Saturday night, or take the early boat for Jersey on the morning of Sunday. Now, as honest men drink rum as well as thieves, and as Hoboken is as near as any place where liquor can be sold without the fear of being "pulled" by order of the Great Mogul, why, you can judge that Hoboken and the surrounding country is the scene of pretty lively times. Here you see all classes and grades, ladies and gentlemen, out for a day's ride; thieves and their "molls" out for a day's work; servant girls and flunkies out for a day's stroll, and a rest beneath the trees; "crackmen" combining business with pleasure—that is, while they "bub their luh," keep a sharp eye around town for a good "crib" to "crack" of a week day; clerks, with their misces, as Dooney Harris would say, promenading in silks and broadcloth, sporting "real suppers" and costly "spark props," putting their "sugar" around like sailors, and all on a thousand a year. The "knucks" but don't they have a glorious time; they have things their own way on the Jersey side of a Sunday, and thus you see—

They "bub" their "luh" that never "bubbed" before, and all those "blokes" that used to "bub" are "bubbing" more and more.

Last Sunday I went to Jersey, not because I could not get my stingo in New York, but because I was anxious to see and judge for myself how much good the excise law of the city of New York was doing our neighbors of New Jersey. Taking the cars at Fourteenth street, the Weehawken ferry at the foot of Forty-second street was reached just in time to catch an old tub they called a ferry-boat, and which, in process of time, landed us in that village found in story, Weehawken. What a contrast reigned in our own city of New York, all was noise, rum, and lager beer; in place of virtue and morality, as is usual in our city of a Sunday, all seemed to be bound to have a good time generally, and didn't care a curse about anything in particular. In fact, this thing was carried so far that I saw a fellow kiss his "moll" right before all hands, while another young "bloke" sat up in a corner, singing "I'm going to California in the morning," and then such a lot of drinking houses as there is in Weehawken; there is the Hunter's Home, and the Drover's Home, the Traveler's Retreat, Ned Wilson's swim and lager-beer saloons, with unpronounceable names, and such Bourbon—goodness gracious! I have drank choo-choo in the Sandwich Islands, beetle-nut rum in Otaheite, argentine in the West Indies, and tom-tom in the East, but for chain lightning and a fire procession, Weehawken can beat them all.

I should have mentioned the fact that I fell in with a brace of good fellows, who, like myself, were looking for a barber shop in Weehawken. We went into a "sheebens" and got a glass of Bourbon; it had a moving effect on all of us; we left that place and retired in good order to a shady nook, under a hill, where we called for a dinner, and was served with bread and "limburger," a sort of perfumed food that the Dutch are very fond of, and which has been, of late, patronized largely by the French. We were under the brow of the hill; above us was the stone palace, where, a few days ago, a stone from a ledge struck the roof and buried itself in the ceiling. The stone was the family that occupied it, was rather uneasy, and at the time of our visit, were in expectation of another visitor that would kill them all; consequently they bivouacked in the friendly hostelry of the Bloke, who was paired up with our limburger. From them I gathered a great deal of useful information, in regard to the doings of the visitors who crossed the ferry on Sunday. The stone was the son of a young man and woman coming down the hill, out of a wood. We were there for an hour and there was a continual coming down of young fellows and girls, and yet we did not see any go up the same way. How is it, I asked Hans, that so many come down and we see none go up? "You see," says Lantman, "they go up on the side side, and when they come down they stay (are a little while on this side). How many come down during the day, I asked? "Mein Gott! how should I know? Some-times a hundred—some-times a thousand. We were our dinner of Limburger and took our seats in the hall, opposite Seventeenth street, which is a nice little village, consisting of about a dozen houses or more, but the attraction lies on the hill, where Kahler & Ramener have a steam brewery. Connected with the brewery is a hall, saloons, concert rooms, arbors, swings, and all sorts of gymnastics. Here we see a Dutch party consisting of some twenty members—half frauleins—and oh, how happy they did seem to be. The hall was a roomy one, and we went among them and help them to sing, for you must know that three of us are vocalists in our own way. After seeing all the sights out of doors, we stepped to the hall. Here everything was beautiful. A man in a blue suit, named Johnny Martin, who, by the way, is no mean performer; beside him was his "moll," Jenny Knox, who sang some in a "push." There was a mob of about a hundred men, consisting of "that lot" and "that lot." Among the latter was Steve Pierce, Johnny Moore, Jim Donovan, Aleck Matthews, Johnny Hinnan, Johnny Lynch, Pat Kelly and Duke. There were also some of their molls, Nell and Leo Kenny, Sarah Low and Ellen Murphy, made up a party fit to go through any push in the country. Ringing took well for a while. But a bloke lost his "chink," and then there was a roll; and another bloke found that some one had been through his "clay," and they looked for the beautiful singer; and at last came to the conclusion that they had all been robbed of their "chink" and "clay." The "clay" was a small, round, conclusion that we might be, if we stayed there much longer, we took to Union Hill, where we found a nice little park in a larger beer drum. Anne Thor, Billy Swift and Hy Baker, together with their molls, and we were seated on a wooden table, singing as if it split their throats, and bubbling their luh like the "minstrel returned from the room and we all escaped to the cars, and we were in the new depot in Hoboken. This is a splendid place, and the largest in the country. I won't attempt to describe it, but will say, when you go there of a Sunday, keep your "clay" on your "clay." I remained in the depot for the space of fifteen minutes, and while there, heard the cry of "beet" three times; once from a bloke, who said he was a "real super," and "centuries." This bloke made considerable noise, when the knucks thought it about time to suppress him, which they did in the following manner: Johnny Raygin is a knuck who lately came to this city. No one outside of "that lot" would know him. Johnny and his "crowd" thought this bloke had been "singing" long enough, and seeing a "corner" in the room, he walked up and said that he had just lost his watch, and shared the broken chair. "Good, you tell the man nearest to you when you lost it," was the question? Johnny said "he thought he could point out the bloke who took the 'chink,' and after looking around for a few moments, pointed out the bloke that lost his 'super' a few moments before. He was instantly taken into custody, and the "cop" who "pulled" him, supposing that Johnny was following took his victim out of the room just as the ferry-man called out the news "Barclay street boat," and we all started for New York, which we reached at 10 o'clock at night, firmly convinced that the excise law was the cause of more crime than ever before.

"That yer Dorg."

A LUDICROUS SCENE IN COURT—A "BLOKE JENKINS" ON THE ARGUMENTATIVE—ALL ABOUT A "BULL-TERRIER PURP."

Grief and melancholy, shame and disgrace, recklessness and daring, the most provoking mirth and jollity, as well as absurd ridiculousness, are the prominent characteristics of the cases which occupy the attention of our police magistrates from day to day. But there is a marked difference in these. In a majority of the cases where pitiable sorrow brings tears of penitence from the unfortunate, the grief is so well assumed that the beholders are deceived, and through sympathy, perhaps, a most confirmed rascal escapes the justice he so richly deserves. But where humorous and somewhat absurd situations form a feature in the case, it is a comical one in the fullest sense of the term, as may be seen from an episode we are about to chronicle.

Many of the readers of the National Police Gazette have undoubtedly, seen that remarkably comical creation—Bomeo Jaffer Jenkins—the seedy looking hero with sore eyes, in the screaming force of "Too Much for Good Nature," and they may have laughed immoderately at his troubles, his droll melancholy, and his general "make up." He is a sort of a melancholy Dane, who discards the idea of being found in possession of a particle of linen, and is, as a whole, an extremely remarkable looking being.

An individual who might, as regards his person, claim to be a twin of the seedy-respectable Bomeo, is now in durance vile for having laid violent hands on "that yer dorg." The really unfortunate gentleman in black, who has languished with a "purp," has not the honor of replying to a name so loved as that of Bomeo, but throws aside the shade of romance which that title always suggests, and calls himself plain Thomas Madden. Thomas was arrested in irreproachable black, perhaps a little too much worn for respectability. His coat was buttoned up to his chin, and not a thread of linen was visible about his person.

son. His face was careworn and emaciated; his hair was matted and unkempt, and a very melancholy expression was visible on his countenance.

Thomas was escorted into the Essex Market Police Court on Friday morning last, by a blue-coated constable, and arraigned before the presiding magistrate, Justice William Mansfield. Thomas approached the bar, that separates the prisoners from the magistrate, with a stately, resignedly sorrowful air, and struck a position typical of injured innocence, and awaited the issue. The "gentleman on the other side" was something of a Pickwickian individual, named William Wines, butcher of First avenue. Wines was sorely troubled. He had lost a "bull-terrier purp, Judge, as was like one of the family, Judge, and wouldn't be sold not for nothing—no, not for nothing." Wines, butcher of First avenue, set forth in language calculated to cast ignominy upon him who had purloined the aforesaid purp, the fact that he awoke one morning and found that the domesticated animal was missing.

Wines' family was at once thrown into a state of melancholy. Mr. Wines raved and swore; Wines' wife shed tears in silence, and the juvenile Wineses shed tears copiously with proportionate squealing—because the abducted dog was the pet of the household. Wines, for three successive days searched for the canine, but in vain, and he gave up in despair. A friend, however, cast a gleam of sunshine over the sorrowful household, by informing them that Madden had the dog. Wines at once got a warrant for the arrest of Madden, whom, it is said, is a dog fancier, and he was taken under the escort of a police officer, and conveyed to the court as above stated. Any punishment that the law could inflict on Madden would have been far unbounded for Wines—the more severe, the more palatable to the butcher.

While a complaint was being taken, the sorrowful-looking Bomeo addressed the Magistrate:

"Say, Judge, I'd like to be heard in this yer matter."

"Very well," replied Judge Mansfield, "we will hear what you have to say."

Upon receiving this right to spread himself, Madden stretched himself half way across the bar, rested his sharp chin on both of his hands, and proceeded:

"Well, Judge, now it's a lively thing for to have: I say it's a lively thing for a feller's dorg to come around a feller's house, now ain't it, and kill a feller's cats. Now, ain't it a lively thing, Judge?"

"But why did you keep the dog?" asked the Judge.

"Now, Judge, look yer," said Madden, as if this was a criminal question, and he did not know how to get out of it. "Look yer, if you had er dorg come around yer house, I say, if yer bad er bull-pup wot come around yer shanty fur ter kill yer cats, what'd yer do, eh? Wouldn't yer do nothing, say?" questioned Thomas.

"Well, I don't think I would have stolen him."

"What! not if that yer terrier killed yer cats?"

"No, not if he killed my cats. You had a remedy at aw."

"Now, look yer, Judge," continued Thomas, in a somewhat moderate and appealing tone, "it's hard for a feller ter lose his cats. Now I tell you, Judge, if a terrier comes around yer house, and kills yer cats, he's 'nuff fur to rile a feller, I guess, 'specially when that yer purp is or—"

"Have you the dog here?" asked the Judge, turning to the complainant.

"Yes, sir," replied Wines, "I say, Bill, bring up that 'ere dog. He's a buty, Judge."

And thereupon "Bill" began rattling a chain, and soon appeared before the Magistrate holding up a small, white, lean, scraggy looking specimen of the genus canine for the inspection of "his honor." The dog looked around upon the parties in the case, with a benign, sleepy and innocent expression, as if he could scarcely comprehend the strange scene. Wines smiled upon him, as he no doubt did up on his first-born, and said, "Now, that's a dorg, Judge. He's a beauty—a full-blooded, bull-terrier purp."

"Yes, he is a beauty," said the Judge, ironically. "Well, he's all right, Judge," said Wines, "I'm 'specially satisfied with the Judge's opinion, which he accepted in good faith."

"How much do you value him at?"

"Well, no money could buy him, sir. He's so useful about the place."

"But what do you value him at?" That is, if you wanted to sell him, what would you think him worth?

"Sell that there dog, Judge! No money could buy that there dog. Now, you see, some folks mightn't think him worth two cents, but I—well, he's a good dog on rats."

"Say, what do you think he's worth? It is necessary that a valuation should be put on him in your deposition."

"Well, say \$50."

"For that dog?" exclaimed the Judge.

"Yes, Judge, that purp is worth every cent of it; but to accommodate you, I'll say \$25, and that's a job."

"You think so?" questioned the Magistrate.

"I do, sir."

"Well, put the dog down as being worth \$25," said his Honor to the clerk.

It was so written, and Wines, his heart comforted with the knowledge that the terrier was his own again, swore it was worth the sum named, and Thomas Madden, dog fancier, was held in bonds to the value of \$300 to appear and answer at the Special Sessions to the charge of stealing a white, lean, scraggy looking bull-terrier dog, from William Wines, butcher.

A commitment was made out, and Thomas was ordered to accompany the officer to prison.

"Well, now, Judge, look yer, is this yer thing right; I d'naid is this yer thing right; is it justice? If a butcher dorg wots been sickened fur to catch cats fur his ter, he's 'lowed fur ter come around a feller's house, and kill his cats."

"Take him down stairs, officer."

"All right, Judge, all right; if 'nuff er bull ter purp comes around my shanty, I'll mur—"

was lost to the spectators as he left the court with stately strides, and a tearful expression upon his countenance.

Wines, butcher, clasped the dog in his arms, fondled it affectionately, and called it pet names. Finding that he had become possessed of it again, he hurried out of the court to Mrs. Wines, and the young Wineses, very much after the fashion of a young child with a new toy, and thus closed the rather exciting case of Wines, butcher of First avenue vs. Madden, dog fancier, of the same locality.

The Jefferson Street Murder.

Able Address of District Attorney Bedford.

CONVICTION OF THE PRISONER.

When Macbeth, in the agony of his defeated heart, heard the cry "is still they come," his moral courage was stricken as if by a stroke of lightning. His physical courage bore him gallantly to the end of his greatly ignominious career; but his morale having been stricken down, poor indeed was any physical strength which he could put forth in any struggle of life. Day after day the outrages reported to us—those dreadful shocks to every anticipated feeling—of every previous conception of civilization—of every consideration of ordinary human existence—realizing that fearfully suggestive poem of "The Raven"—in which occur the lines:

"Doubtless on disaster,
Following fast, and following faster,"

until, at length the heart that feels and the eyes that behold this dreadful oceanic upheaving of rascality makes us despair of redemption for the human family.

This horrible crime of murder—this fearful violation of the tabernacle in which was once held the spirit of the Holy Ghost—not speaking in any sectarian sense—must find in men's hearts an echo of that fearful tragedy which has been so terribly denounced. This outrageous crime of murder must be put down. To speak of it in its ordinary circumstances, would be merely trifling with this horrible crime—this infamous crime. This act has become of such frequent occurrence that it is a thing that must be squelched. The ruthless heart that dictates the crime of murder should be annihilated. No mercy should be shown it.

"That mercy I to others show
That mercy does to me."

With regard to these remarks, we have now to come to a case of a most bitterly painful nature.

An unhappy man called in to take drinks with a wretched crowd in the early part of this year. He was by name Livingston. For some reason, which does not appear, he foolishly armed himself. We say "foolishly," because

although arms may be useful in an emergency, they are sometimes more dangerous than when a man goes simply through life with his own arms, that Nature has given everybody. Going into a room, he intended to pitch a miserable gambling affair for drinks, he thinking that there was some foul play, permitted his tongue to utter itself with a bitterness which is sometimes as indirect as it is unpalatable—because folly is unpardonable—when a man is in the hands of unscrupulous ruffians who would as soon take the life of a fellow creature as they would take the life of a mad dog. The facts in the case under consideration are beautiful and tenderly related by the prosecuting counsel, whose capacity adds lustre to the bar, who in his frequent painful capacity as a prosecuting officer, dashes down with a pertinacity in his struggle against crime of all kinds, but especially where murder is to be hunted through, that, considering the young gentleman's age, is something marvellous.

W. BEDFORD'S STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

May it please the Court—Gentlemen of the Jury: The prisoner at the bar, Vincent Cody, stands indicted for murder, being charged with having on the night of the 18th of April last, willfully and maliciously taking the life of John R. Livingston, by deliberately shooting him through the head with a pistol. The circumstances surrounding this case are, indeed, well calculated to teach us all the sad but truthful lesson how little value is oftentimes placed on human life by the lawless portion of the community. And, gentlemen, the facts to which I allude are briefly these: A party of eight persons met at the alcove house, No. 17 Jefferson street, on the night of the 18th of April last, among whom were the deceased and the prisoner. Soon after entering the house they had a round of drinks, which were paid for; they took a second round, which the prisoner Cody paid for. The dice-box was then called for, for the purpose of throwing for a third round of drinks; when about to throw the dice, the prisoner directly charged the deceased with cheating; the deceased immediately stepped back from the counter and walked away, evidently desiring to avoid trouble. The prisoner, on the other hand, as if intent upon mischief, remarked: "Oh, he has got no money—let him stay out!" These repeated insults, the first calling the deceased a cheat, and then, in the presence of all in the room, exclaiming "he has got no money—let him stay out!" very naturally provoked the deceased, and he observed, in return: "You are Allen, an associate of the prisoner, and who is indicted for this murder, deal him a severe blow in the face, and the prisoner himself, at the same time, struck the deceased and at once clenched him. The deceased being overpowered by these assaults, partially fell to the ground, and while thus down the prisoner and Allen continued to strike and kick him in a cowardly manner. At this moment the proprietor interfered, and succeeded in a measure in separating Allen and Cody from the deceased. The deceased, thereupon, managed to release himself, and attempted to escape, and with this view rushed toward the counter; unfortunately, in his flight, he became wedged in between the counter and the refrigerator; while thus wedged in without arms—in one word, utterly defenceless, and suffering from the blows which had been inflicted upon him, he cried out: "He will shoot." The deceased, instantly replied: "I have no pistol." With this assurance, the prisoner and his associate, Allen, immediately advanced toward the deceased, seized him from where he was wedged in to the door. Allen then laid hold of him by the neck with both his hands, and forced him against the wall. The prisoner then seized him by his left hand, and holding in his right hand a loaded revolver, with bitter sarcasm exclaiming: "He will shoot, he will shoot," and then, with deliberate aim, fired the contents of the revolver through the brain of the unfortunate deceased, causing immediate death.

Is it not, indeed, true, gentlemen, that "in the midst of life we are in death?" This is truly a fearful crime. Is it not, indeed, a melancholy thought that a human being, without cause or provocation, and who was most anxious to avoid all difficulty, should be swept off his feet from earth, and sent without a moment's preparation before his Maker?

I will now call my witnesses, and you shall hear their simple story of the dregs of that dark night, and it will be for you, as twelve honest men sworn to perform your duty to the prisoner, to the memory of the deceased and to the community, to see that the scales of justice be free from the pressure of all extraneous influences—that that the fairly poised; and above all, let your verdict, whatever it may be, vindicate the majesty of Truth.

The conclusion of the testimony brought up ex-Judge Stuart in defence of his client. He spoke ably and judiciously, but the facts were too palpable. The case was given to the jury after two days' trial, when Judge Ingraham delivered a luminous charge on the whole merits of the case. After nearly four hours' deliberation, the jury having come into court some four times during the consideration of the case—desirous to make a compromise between homicide in the first and third degree, brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree.

The prisoner would have been more respected if, during the trial, he had observed a little more self-respect. A man in his peculiar position—no doubt painful to everybody who witnessed it—laughing, grinning, and doing other evidences of a man who had little compunction of conscience at having taken a human life—was utterly discreditable. The sentence will be passed in due time. The facts, as proven, however, would have justified a murder in the first degree; the jury thought otherwise. It is now between the judge and the prisoner.

Remarkable Circumstance.

A MAN SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRONGLY CONVICTED.

A few sessions ago a man named George Dundas was convicted of highway robbery, accompanied with violence, upon a gentleman named Thorne, the collector to Messrs. Young and Bainbridge, brewers, of Wandsworth. The prisoner, sentenced to ten years' penal servitude and to receive twenty lashes, but it appears that very grave doubts are entertained as to whether the prisoner is the man who was concerned in the robbery, and whether he was not improperly convicted of the offence. The Recorder, who tried the case, was not satisfied with the evidence, and it is said that the police themselves are aware that the prisoner is not guilty of this offence, and it may be stated that the prison authorities also are satisfied from information that has come to their knowledge that the prisoner was wrongfully convicted. Communications have passed between the Recorder and the Home Secretary upon the subject, and the result



Interior View of a Dissecting Room in Ohio.



Resuscitating H. Reebok, a Would-be Suicide, at Waukesha, Wis.

AN INTERIOR VIEW OF A SCIENTIFIC CHARNEL HOUSE.

DISSECTING ROOMS AND WHAT GOES ON THERE.

FULL DESCRIPTIONS OF THE SAME—HOW INGRESS IS OBTAINED.

Midnight Semi-Darkness, Trap-doors, Vanities, &c.
THE STUDENTS' DISSECTING COSTUME.

How the Bodies are Procured—The Resurrectionists Kept Hard at Work.

THEIR COMPENSATION AND THEIR RISKS.

Length of Time Necessary to Dissect a Subject—The Deep, Dark Reception of the Human Debris.

FOOD FOR SOLEMN REFLECTIONS.

A Romantic Incident in a Dissecting Room.

HEARTLESSNESS OF THE STUDENTS.

BODIES LET FALL FIFTY FEET FOR EXPERIMENT SAK—DISGUSTING GASTRONOMIC TASTES OF THE STUDENTS.

BY A STUDENT OF MEDICINE.

"What a horrible place a dissecting room must be, ugh! it makes one shiver to think of it." "Oh, that's only an idea of yours, Nicholson; why, I could eat my supper there and enjoy it, as well as at the St. Nicholas. A classmate of mine offered to eat a piece of the fellow we were dissecting, one evening, for a five dollar bill."

"He didn't, though, did he?"

Well, no, you see we didn't care about giving him five dollars for nothing, as five dollar bills were rather scarce with us at the time, and it would have been nothing wonderful or surprising to us if he had."

"But, do you really think he would have done so?"

"Why, of course he would, and be glad of the chance of making five dollars. Often I heard the boys remark, after cutting a muscle from a well-developed subject, 'it is a pity to waste so much good meat; how nice it would be to have this fried for breakfast; it would be so much more tender than that steak at the boarding house.'"

"You must have been a hardened set, you students; and now, since you have excited my curiosity in regard to dissecting rooms, I wish you would tell me all about them."

"Of course, Nicholson, I'll do so with pleasure. I will tell you all about the one at our college, and next winter, if you come to the city, will show it to you if—"

"No! no, I thank you; I have no desire to see it at all; I will be entirely satisfied with your description."

"Well, then, our dissecting room is in the fifth story of the college, in the back part of the building, and away from the light of day. It is about sixty feet in length, by twenty-five in breadth, with tables three feet in height, arranged on each side, some thirty in number; on these are placed the dead bodies. To get to the room, you go up several flights of winding stairs and knock at a little door in a dark hall. This is opened a little, and the old janitor, whose hair is as white as snow, and who has been there twenty years or more, demands your ticket. He looks at it carefully, and seeing it has Doctor B., demonstrator of anatomy on it (in the doctor's usual scrawling style), he admits you into the ante-room where the students put on their long, black dissecting gowns. This room bears the same relation to the dissecting room that the dressing or toilet room does to the ball-room. In one part, you see a long marble trough where the students wash after the work of the night is done. You raise a little trap-door in another part of the room, and looking down, all is darkness below; you look down into a vault which descends from the fifth story, sixty feet below the level of the ground. Into this the debris of the dissecting room is thrown, consisting of muscles, hearts, lungs, &c., that have been examined and are of no more use to the students. It makes one fairly tremble, at first, to see these pitiful human limbs and hearts down this deep, dark vault, and how many have gone the same gloomy way! Echo answers a knock. A thousand, at least, lay in pieces as the bodies—sacrifices to science! One solitary light sheds its dreary rays around, to make one feel the awfulness of the place; but the janitor opens another door, you enter, and the brilliancy of the gas light dazzles your eyes for a second, merry peals of laughter resound through the room, and four students are dissecting each cadaver. At one table stands the demonstrator, explaining the anatomy of the brain. Around him are crowded eight or ten students, all anxious to see that organ which controls the world, demonstrated. He points out the cerebrum, the cerebellum, the various lobes. He takes a scalpel, cuts the brain horizontally through the centre with the utmost precision. You look, and there see many little veins branching from a main one like the branches from the body of a tree. It resembles a miniature tree so closely, that the demonstrator tells you it is called "arbor vite"—the tree of life. Looking around, what a variety of bodies! you see that were once as full of life as you or I now are—all ages, all sexes, all colors, all sizes are represented—old grey-headed men and women, young girls and children. A girl, who, in the soft delicacy of her alabaster skin, in her black hair which once (perhaps not many months before) was worn in graceful curls, in the beautiful symmetry of her form and well-developed limbs, still retains marks of beauty. A young man, seemingly in the springtime of manhood, lay not far off; he was indeed a fine specimen of the genus homo, in his large and muscular limbs; every part seemed perfect as perfect could be, and there was a spirit of greatness and strength about him as that of an ancient giant, though he lay wrapped in the arms of death. In contrast to this giant was a little child, not two years old, though she was thin, puny, and bearing marks of ill usage, yet in her innocent, pale, waning appearance, she looked pretty in the sleep of death. But where, you may ask, do all these bodies come from? They are brought here by a resurrectionist, who gets fifteen dollars apiece for them, and he gets them in various places. Not far from Jerusalem, is a field where Judas Iscariot lies buried. When he was put there, the place was called Potter's field. Ever since then, the burying-ground where centurians, strangers, and poor people are buried, bears the same name, and here is the field of the resurrectionist's labors. A poor man dies, is taken there in a coffin, the grave-digger is hired by the resurrectionist to hide the body and bury the coffin. In this way several bodies are secured daily, and at midnight the resurrectionist comes and takes them to the college. But there are other ways and means by which he gets a supply, too numerous to mention. By the way, did I ever tell you of that young lady who boarded where I did, dying, and her body being brought to our college?"

"No; how was that?"

Well, her parents died and left her some fifteen thousand dollars, having no one to look after her, and being of rather a gay disposition, she formed rather lively acquaintances. She ran off with a certain woman's husband, took a trip across the ocean, and spent several years in travel on the continent. Her passion became tired of her and she became tired of him. They mutually agreed to dissolve partnership. She led quite a varied life after this; ran through with nearly all her money, and having returned to this country, she was boarding at Mrs. C.'s when students came there. She was a bright, vivacious girl, and never did I listen to a better performer on the piano, or hear a more exquisite voice than hers. The students seemed to almost worship her. She drank rather too much wine, and one night died rather suddenly of fatty degeneration of the liver, in consequence of her excesses. She was buried in the cemetery, but what was our surprise, a few evenings afterwards, to see her body on the dissecting table. You may hardly believe it, but one of the students who always pretended to be her friend, had a piece of her heart in his pocket, showing it to the boards."

"What strange things happen sometimes, and what devils you students are; but Clark, do you think respectable persons are ever taken there by the resurrectionist?"

"Very seldom, although it sometimes so happens. Our resurrectionist was trying to steal a body from a vault in St. G. cemetery one night, and the result was he got out in the leg, was tried, convicted, and served his time."

but now is in the same business, although he goes limping along from the effects of the shot. I have heard it said that he would bring his own daughter to be dissected, if he could get a good price for her when she died. I remember one night as I was coming out of the college, two prostitutes were standing near the entrance, one said to the other:

"This is the theatre, let's go in."

"This is the medical college," said I.

"We won't go in there, as we don't care about being dissected yet."

"It is strange how they fear this end, and rightly too, for many of them are dissected."

"Well, Clark, I never want to see a dissecting room; your description satisfies me, but how long does it require to dissect a subject?"

"About five weeks. We never dissect except at night, and every artery, every muscle, every nerve must be carefully examined. There is another practice at our school, that would appear more horrible to you, I suppose, than even the dissecting."

"What is that?"

"The professor of surgery takes the subject to the top of the lecture room and lets it fall head foremost to the floor to see what kind of a fracture it would cause."

"That is certainly a grand outrage, and my opinion is, Clark, all these things you have been telling me don't sound right. Did any one ever claim a body that had been brought to the college?"

"Oh, their friends often do that, but there is no use. An Irish lady suspected her Patrick had been brought to our college, and had a policeman to examine every room in the building, but strange to say, although Patrick was there, he couldn't be found."

"But how did they hide him?"

"The old janitor has a great many trap doors, and while the police were in one room, he would pitch Patrick through the trap door into another, and the consequence was the police didn't get Patrick, who, being very muscular, made a good subject, and the remains of the Irish lady's Patrick lay in peace beneath the old college."

The Career of a Scoundrel.

HE SUFFOCATES HIS TWO CHILDREN AND CUTS THEIR LEGS ATTEMPTING HIS WIFE'S AND HIS OWN LIFE BY MEANS OF CHLOROFORM—THE MURDERER A CONFIRMED SPIRITUALIST.

We extract the following from a late Waukegan (Wis.) paper. Six or seven years ago, most of our citizens will remember that a man named H. Rosebrook resided in this village, ostensibly engaged in the manufacture of washing-

machines. His wife was reputed a very excellent lady, and the mother of two children. After a time, he converted his few effects into money, and, by fraud, realized several hun-

dred dollars from some of our business men, and decamped to Chicago, taking with him a young girl who had been employed in his family, and leaving his wife, who was a partial cripple, and his two children in a destitute condition and dependent upon charity. At Chicago he was lucky. Commencing in a small way, he bought a lot and erected a house thereon, which he soon sold very advantageously, and continued thus in buying lots, erecting buildings thereon, and selling at an advance—he accumulated quite a property. Shortly after leaving here, he sent for his wife, but, on arriving at his residence, he had the effrontery to ask her to do the housework and be the servant of the girl with whom he had eloped, and whom he recognized as his wife. The poor, wretched, heart-broken wife, who had endured with a woman's devotion, everything but death at the hands of her brutal husband, could not endure a humiliation like this; and, although nearly destitute of means, and without any definite object in view, started forth on her dreary pilgrimage, deeming it preferable to beg than to live a life of shame.

Something over a year ago, Rosebrook figured extensively in a lottery association scheme in Chicago, in which he is reported to have swindled very extensively; but, in turn, the bitter was bitten, and his ill-gotten gains vanished more rapidly than they had accumulated.

The next we hear of Rosebrook, he is in Colorado. And now comes the denouement of his career, in which he acts in the roll of the murderer of his own children, and of a suicide, which last act, whether fortunately or unfortunately we will not say, was frustrated. We now copy from the Central City (Colorado) News of a recent date:

On Monday morning the whole community was shocked by the report of a terrible double murder and attempt at suicide in our city. Mr. Rosebrook had murdered his two children and then attempted his own life. In the early part of the evening he requested his wife to visit a neighbor, when he proceeded to the work of death. He had previously supplied himself with four ounces of chloroform. This he administered to the children until they were senseless. His wife came home between eight and nine o'clock, when the presence of chloroform at once stupefied her, and she remembered nothing until two o'clock in the morning. In the meantime, to make sure of the death of his two children, two beautiful boys of about three and five years of age, he inflicted severe cuts in the thighs of each, severing the femoral artery in one, but both were evidently dead, as very little or no blood flowed.

About one o'clock he called up a neighbor, Mr. Taylor, and stated that he was suffering from neuralgia, that when in that condition he was nearly crazy, and asked him to go down town and get him four ounces of chloroform. This Mr. Taylor did, Rosebrook going out to meet him. After this he inflicted a slight cut on his foot and another on his thigh, all the time keeping his wife unconscious under the influence of chloroform. Not succeeding very well, he appears to have washed his wound in a basin of water, and also in a pail of water standing in the kitchen. Finally he went to bed, administering chloroform to himself. Whether or not he intended to kill his wife is unknown. It is supposed that he did, as she was kept constantly under the influence of chloroform until he was insensible. She suffered all the ill-effects of one recovering from it, and it was a long time before she could move. At last, she was able to do so, and her first convulsive motion was to throw her hand across her breast, which, being wet, startled her, and she became fully conscious when she placed her hand upon her children, and found them cold and stiff. She was dressed, not having taken off her clothes. In her fright, she screamed and ran to the house of a neighbor. On returning, they found things as stated. He was insensible. Dr. Andrusell was sent for. He applied every restorative, and as a last resort, poured alcohol on his spine and set fire to it. This finally brought him to. A coroner's inquest has been held, but no new facts elicited.

The cause of this terrible deed was, doubtless, failure in his schemes. He came from Chicago several months ago, as is reported, under the direction of the spirits, to put in operation a method of separating gold and silver from our ores by means of electricity. Prior to coming here, he had been unfortunate in his speculations; now he was sure of success. To every one to whom he spoke he was always sanguine. He spent his own means and what he could borrow from others. He had an offer in front of Andrew Jackson Davis, and the Banner of Light as his most prominent paper. He holds virtually that there is no such thing as sin, nor a place of punishment, considering death only a release from care and sorrow.

Since he has recovered his consciousness he expresses his readiness to forgive all the world save the doctor who brought him to consciousness, and regrets that he was not permitted to die. He refuses to talk, and when any one is present he covers his eyes. Apparently he is as rational as before the deed. His wife has lived in constant fear, and now says she never again wishes to see him.



An American "Traviata" Committing Suicide at Havana.



Street Scenes in New York.



Terrific Horse Car Railway Accident on Atlantic Street, Brooklyn, L. I.